

[illegible]

**A Romantic German Legend.**

Conrad, the Emperor of Germany, was remarkable for the unsparing punishment of all who crossed his purpose. One day he was hunting in a certain Count Lupold, who was one of those fearing death, led into a remote forest and lived in a hut with his wife. It happened that the Emperor, while hunting, came to the hut and stayed overnight with them. That night the wife became the mother of a son, and the Emperor decreed that the child then born would be his heir. As the child grew, the Count and his wife were sadly troubled, and the next morning commanded two of his servants to kill the child. They took it away, but the child, finding his way to his mother's, placed it under a tree, and brought back a bear's heart to the Emperor. A certain duke, passing by the Emperor, found the child and took it home with him, and, after it had grown up, afterward, the Emperor being with his duke, and hearing him relate, as a past adventure, the history of this boy, who was his grandson, ordered that the victim had escaped, and confirmed in the opinion, took him into his service as a page, and then sent him to the Empress, in which he remained for some time, and then, to have the bearer put to death, the youth set out, and after seven days came to a certain priest's house, who

The priest was struck by his comely and his traveling so far. While he looked at his letter, and covered the horrible fate that awaited him erasing the writing, he substituted these words: "I have chosen as the husband of our daughter. I charge you to give her to him freely."

Next morning the lad awoke refreshed and said:

"Adieu, dear host."

The priest said:

"Remember me when you are Emperor."

The boy only laughed esteeming it a jest; so he parted. Aix-la-Chapelle delivered his letters and so well did stratagem succeed, that when the Emperor wrote, said to ask if his orders were obeyed, the Emperor returned him the supplies had been

desired. The Emperor hardly bared his eyes when he read her letter. Mounting his horse, he rode off immediately and with great speed to Aix-la-Chapelle. On his arrival the Empress presented their daughter and son-in-law to him. He saw that the Emperor seemed lost in astonishment and uncertain what to do. At length nature prevailed, and he exclaimed: "The will of Heaven cannot be resisted!" Then he compelled the squire to reveal what they had done, and the son-in-law to come from the Black Forest to receive back his son, with peace on the Emperor, who left him as master, and who succeeded him as Henry.

On the spot in the forest where the child was found, was afterwards the noble monastery of Hirsau.

S-A-A-Y, Bill, what is this 'ere  
unish business, anyhow? Darn my  
eye, if I understand 'um, says Joe,  
it is all about 't. Well, yer see, we  
are in the middle of it. Now, that  
there thet dings is 't you a  
Bill goes and captures that thar  
and drags out the wittles, and  
goes to eatin' of them. Bime-ye  
in some sing'lar way about the  
drage, and then yer comes to get  
satisfaction. As yer don't feel like  
in no coter's bills, yer concludes  
yer fight—so 't we takes it over strewn  
as gentlemen. Well, we talk along,  
a along until bime-ye we don't come  
no greement. Then yer says to me,  
yer, 'see here, Bill, I don't want  
fuss with yer, 'cause I likes yer

and whatever dinner you ain't eaten en, and will have the kindness to send about my sister, 'cause she feels like she's got to have a square. All right, 'cause I'm sure that'll there is about it.—*Cleveland Banner.*

You should not only be religious and pious; you should make religion attractive, useful, and agreeable to every one around. The sick will like your religion if it leads you to tend them, your family will be attracted to it if they see you more careful in your duties, more patient, more gentle in your dealings with the household, and sees that, if you become more devout, you are also more affectionate to them, more

SOME people can never repeat a joke without losing the point. A gentleman not long since heard the conundrum: "What makes more noise than one pig under a gate?" The answer being "pigs," He attempted to perpetrate the same and inquired of his friend, "What makes more noise than *one* pig under a gate?" When every one said, "Two pigs, of course," he thought they must have read the conundrum before.

"Why, my idol?" "Because Mr. Mc-Smith, when it is broken out and you can sell the pieces for gun-balls."

---

A NEAR-SIGHTED hen that ate saw-dust, supposing it to be cornmeal, then went and laid a nest full of bureau knobs, set on them three weeks and hatched out a complete set of parlor furniture, was a pretty fair average.